

**LIFE**





# Columbia



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ARE CONSTRUCTED THROUGHOUT IN A MANNER THAT IS UNEQUALLED FOR UNIFORMITY OF EXCELLENCE

**Mark XLVIII**, 24-28 H. P. Touring Car, \$3000, Limousine, \$4200, is the most complete and perfect medium powered car on the market.

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Mark XLVIII

**Mark LXIX**, Electric Victoria-Phaeton, \$1600, is unapproached in its class for radius of reliable action, safety, comfort, smartness of style and superb finish.

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**ELECTRIC VEHICLE COMPANY, Hartford, Conn**

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Equip your Car with  
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SHOCK ABSORBERS

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Handsome appearance, stable construction and scientifically correct design including more distinctive and practically valuable features than ever before combined in one model.

**Motor**—4 cylinder vertical, 25-30 horse power.

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These are but a few of the good points, and an examination will convince you that it is the greatest proposition ever offered.

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**Branches:** Chicago Milwaukee Boston Philadelphia San Francisco

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**Thomas B. Jeffery & Company**

**Model 24**  
**Price \$2,000**





## In Rounding Turns

a long wheel base exerts terrific strain on your rear tires, and if the rear seats extend behind the wheels this strain is greatly exaggerated by the suspended weight of passengers creating leverage against the axle. In the design, material and making of

## PENNSYLVANIA CLINCHER TIRES

the above contingency and innumerable others equally important have been deeply considered and successfully met. It is in practice that Pennsylvania Clincher Tires "make better" than any other make in the market. *Write for the Tire Booklet.*

**PENNSYLVANIA RUBBER CO., Jeannette, Pa.**

General Sales Agent, **ROGER B. McMULLEN, Chicago, Ill.**



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ATLANTA, GA.—102 N. Prior St.  
BUFFALO—717 Main Street.  
CLEVELAND—2134-6 E. Ninth St.  
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THE FLYING DUTCHMAN

## Reed & Barton Co.

*Jewelers and Silversmiths*

CORNER FIFTH AVENUE AND 32d STREET, NEW YORK

Reed & Barton Silver Works—Established 1824—Taunton, Mass.  
The Oldest Makers of Silverware of Repute in America.



## GIFTS TO THE BRIDE

¶ Let your gift to The Bride be useful and of intrinsic value—one which will reflect your own appreciation of the real and beautiful. Such a gift will be, as well, an implied compliment to the recipient.  
¶ A choice piece of REED & BARTON Silver will meet these requirements. For a wedding gift Sterling Silver is the most appropriate as well as the most acceptable of all presents.

¶ For the wedding season we have originated and show exclusively many choice pieces of silver for the table. From the exquisite small articles to the most elaborate of dinner services, there is afforded a wide range of selection.

¶ Other suggestions from our stock are Diamond, Pearl and Precious Stone Jewelry in unique designs, not found elsewhere. Brooches, Pendants, Neck Chains, Hair Ornaments, Rings, Bracelets and Jewel-Paved Watches. For Bridesmaids and Ushers, we have an infinite variety of dainty gifts, out of the ordinary.

¶ OUR PRICES IN ALL DEPARTMENTS ARE MOST ATTRACTIVE

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# The Autocar

**Touring Car, Type XIV, 30 Horse-Power, \$3000**

Four vertical cylinders. Sliding-gear, roller-bearing transmission. Three speeds forward and reverse. Direct shaft drive. 112-inch wheel-base. Three point unit suspension of power plant.

**Autocar Runabout, Type XV, 12 Horse-Power, \$1200**

Two horizontal-opposed cylinders; motor under hood. Sliding-gear, roller-bearing transmission. Three speeds and reverse. Direct shaft drive. Three point unit suspension of power plant.

Write for The Autocar Book and representative's address.

**The Autocar Company**

Member: Association Licensed Automobile Manufacturers.

14th St., Ardmore, Pa.

Limousine and Landaulet for immediate delivery, \$3500, including touring-car body.



**Type XV  
\$1200**

**Reliability**

## Dignity and Tone

are features well worth consideration when they can be obtained without the sacrifice of demanded essentials. In the

## Jones Speedometer

the essentials demanded in a speed indicator will be found in their highest form, while the instrument is a masterpiece in dignity and tone of design and finish.

With none of the discordant characteristics of intricacy or clumsiness its every line proclaims it an instrument—not a machine—and as such it will add to, instead of detracting from, the appearance of your motor car.

Write Dept. 34 for Bulletin No. 4.

**The Jones  
Speedometer Co.**  
2228 BROADWAY  
NEW YORK



**DRINK  
SANDERSON'S  
"Mountain Dew"**

in moderation and you will find that the life and force contained in it will be imparted to you. Don't take our word. Try for yourself.



"JUMPIN' SNAKES! ER-ER, ARE YOU A CHICKEN?"  
"WHY, YES. I'M A SETTER."

The world has only just begun to rightly know and enjoy the delights of ale drinking.

# Evans' Ale



started the campaign of education. One bottle will make you an ale connoisseur.

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A dozen forms in three dozen styles.  
"Up and down" or "parallel" rulings for continuous or pivoting partners.  
Sizes, Large (7 x 4 inches), Small (7 x 2 inches) and Medium.

Forms in 1 color retail at 10 cents.  
Forms in 2 colors retail at 10, 15, 20, 25 cents.  
Forms in 3 colors retail at 25, 35 cents.  
Largely used for table prizes.

**Ask for RAD-BRIDGE.** If your dealer does not keep them we will send postpaid to any address on receipt of price.

Sole Manufacturers  
**RADCLIFFE & COMPANY**  
NEW YORK: 144 Pearl Street  
LONDON: 3 Aldersgate Bldgs., E. C.





"YE-E-S, UND IF YOUR VISKERS VER SHAVED OFF I'D SLAP  
YOUR FACE."

## A Woman's Confessional

By HELEN WOLJESKA

### Pittsburg Dispatch:

The tragedy of a life told in epigrams. Grave they are, and gay, sometimes cynical and often bitter, but always with a note of defiance—and now and then a smothered sob.

### St. Paul Dispatch:

There is intense pathos in this oddly conceived journal. The epigrams reveal a nature in hot rebellion against the artificialities of civilization—a passionate soul that wished to make her own laws, to live her life in all its pagan purity of thought and deed.

### Albany Times-Union:

Through these epigrams one can trace the growth of a human soul. They run the entire scale of human emotions. It is scarcely ever that a woman's mind and heart are thus laid bare.

### Los Angeles Times:

The journal of a keen, independent mind. Full of originality. Full of fine, beautiful, strong thoughts.

### Chicago News:

The protest of an exuberant life against the cold conventions of existing codes. The utter frankness, sincerity and aptness of expression certainly make the little volume interesting reading.

### Columbus Journal:

A brightness like that of Marie Bashkirtseff.

### New York Times' Book Review:

The smartness of the woman's sayings is indisputable. The little Purple Book will make its own hit.



75 Cents

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17 West 31st Street, New York

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### MODEABILITY

Don't underrate the desirability of Style or Modeability. Your satisfaction depends not only on the Roadability of your car, but on its all round Serviceability. It must be designed on lines just as good or a little ahead of other cars. It must have the power, the thorough quality, the infinite care exercised in every detail of its make-up which are essential to motor car success. It must be equally efficient on city or country roads, on hills as on the level.

Hence—The Oldsmobile has developed along the latest correct lines of body design, finish, and rich appointments as well as motor equipment and chassis, until it is the peer of any domestic or foreign car. It is neither too pronounced along any line, nor does it lag behind the best practice.

The Oldsmobile has all the style a car can have because it has the correct and proper style. It's a car that not only acts but looks the part.

And in securing the Style, Roadability has not been sacrificed, as its record proves. The most practical kind of testimony classes it at once the car of Perfect Roadability—Perfect Modeability—Perfect Serviceability. The Oldsmobile makes it unnecessary to own several cars for different uses—it's an entire stable of horses in itself.

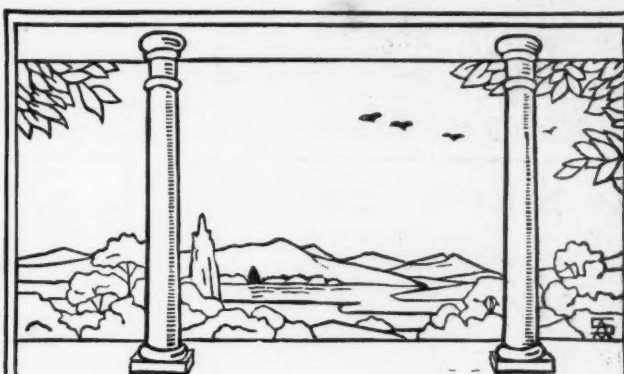
Our proofs of Roadability, based on exploits from the Atlantic to the Pacific coasts, on request.

Write for our special "Motor Talk" offer and sample copy. Address Dept. L.

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Member A. L. A. M.

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## The Young in Heart

By Arthur Stanwood Pier

Mr. Pier is well qualified to write on outdoor sport, having taken a lively interest in athletics while in college, and ranking ever since then as a tennis player of no mean ability. His present collection of essays might well have been called "In Off Hours," as it largely concerns the recreations of men when freed from the care and responsibility of their day's work. The titles, Lawn Tennis, Work and Play, The Smoking-Room, Cynicism, The Quiet Man, In Swimming, and Brawn and Character, show the scope and variety of topics discussed. The volume will appeal to the average man with red blood in his veins, who is fond of a good "loaf," a hard set of tennis, a quick plunge, or a quiet hour with a sweet pipe; and he will find Mr. Pier a sympathetic companion.

\$1.25 net postpaid \$1.35

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & COMPANY

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6000 CALIFORNIA RACE—GLIDDEN TOUR—HERKOMER CONTEST—CROSS COUNTRY RECORDS—NEW YORK TO FLORIDA—500 HOUR NON STOP RUN

## TIRE PERFORMANCE

Hard miles carry more argument than long talks. So, when we say that

## GOODRICH TIRES

are strong tires, tough-treaded tires, out and out long wearing tires, we want the great circle of severe Automobile events to prove our statement — and it does.

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GOODRICH TIRES  
FREE

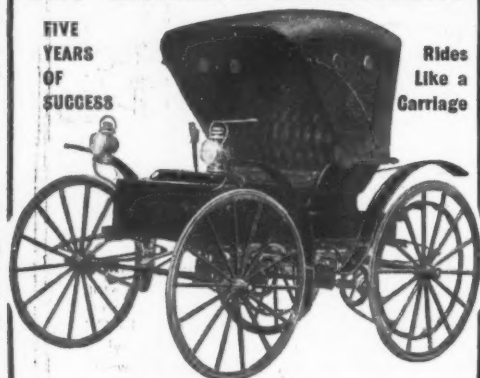
BRANCHES  
IN ALL LARGE CITIES

THE  
B. F.  
GOODRICH CO  
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## The Holsman Automobile

FIVE  
YEARS  
OF  
SUCCESS

Rides  
Like a  
Carriage



A STANDARD type of power vehicle, light, strong, handsome, high-wheeled, high-bodied—simple, and splendidly efficient. "Rides Like a Carriage," noiselessly and smoothly, over paved city streets, or rockiest, ruttiest, country roads. Practically no repairs and low maintenance.

Solid Rubber Tires—no pneumatics to collapse. Air-cooled—no water to freeze. Holsman features are all fully patented.

Two simple hand levers regulate entire control—start, steer, stop, reverse and brake. No live axles, friction clutches, differential gears, pumps, etc. Double hill-climbing power in reserve. Send today for Handsome Booklet—Free.

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Our New Spring  
Catalog A is now  
ready, and shows

## Automobile Apparel

AND

## Accessories

from the best-known  
Modists in Paris, London  
and Copenhagen,  
never before shown in  
this country.

It is profusely illustrated and is a directory to all that is best and latest in everything for the motorist and enthusiast in out-of-door sports, both in ready-to-wear and tailored-to-order garments.



If unable to call send  
for this Catalog A

Scandinavian Fur and Leather Co.

14-16 West 33d Street, New York

## The Literary Zoo.

### Sporadic Fiction

WHY not a poem as they treat

The stories in the magazines?

"Eustacia's lips were very sweet.

He stooped to"—and here intervenes

A line—italics—telling one

Where one may learn the things that he,  
The noble hero, had begun.

[Continuation on Page 3.]

Page 3—oh, here it is—no, here—

"Kiss them. Eustacia hung her head;

Whereat he said, 'Eustacia dear'—

And sweetly low Eustacia said":

[Continued on Page 17]

Here, just between the corset ad

And that of Smithers' Canderine.

(Eustacia sweet, you drive me mad.)

"No, no, not that! But let me tell

You why I scorn your ardent kiss —

Not that I do not love you well;

No, Archibald, the reason's this":

[Continued on Page 24.]

Turn, turn, my leaves, and let me learn  
Eustacia's fate; I pine for more;

Oh, turn and turn and turn and turn!

"Because—and yet I ought not say

The wherefore of my sudden whim."

Here Archibald looked at Eusta-

Cia, and Eustacia looked at him.

"Because," continued she, "my head"—

I never knew Eustacia's fate,

I never knew what 'Stacia said.

[Continued on Page 58.]

\* \* \*

Sooth, in these days of graft and greed

Is it not hard enough to read

At all? Why then the story scatter

Throughout "pure advertising matter?"

Franklin P. Adams.

WITH a trade that aspires to the dignity of a profession, the average novelist of to-day is sadly lacking in *esprit de corps* and in any fine sense of what is ethically right. In his salad days, in the days of early struggle, he talks bitterly of the unsympathetic publishers and enthusiastically of his ideals. When success comes to him he is only too prone to shed his ethical standards with his shabby coat.

One famous humorist-philosopher has repudiated a contract with a certain publisher because, made just on the eve of his sudden rise to fame, its terms were not as liberal as later he found he could demand.

A young novelist of note who scores mightily the frailties of human nature in his novels makes one publisher bid against another so that in the heat of prideful contest he may exact the uttermost farthing. Businesslike? Yes—but is it professional? What would one think of a great lawyer who would openly say, "I





will serve either the defendant or the plaintiff—whichever will pay me most.”

\* \* \*

THE truth is, the average American in any walk of life lives a sort of Jekyll and Hyde existence. His emotions and his perceptions are kept distinct. He feels the truth of a noble line of conduct and it warms his heart to talk of it and he is not a little proud that as a mere abstraction it stirs his emotional nature. But he also keenly perceives that it is not practical to give way to emotion. “It doesn’t pay.” That’s the national retort either consciously or unconsciously uttered.

THE well-known Irwin brothers, Will and Wallace, are continually being mistaken for each other. And curiously enough—to perpetrate a bull—they don’t look a bit alike when they are together, but they look very much alike when they are apart. The fact is, it is a resemblance of personality—of temperament, of voice, rather than of feature. Wallace is the man with a daily poem for the public, and Will was until recently managing editor of *McClure’s Magazine*. This inimitable team of literary comedians have done many amazing stunts, but none more remarkable than that which they performed in California some years ago, before they came East. A theatrical company had got stranded because they were enjoined from giving any more performances of the one play they were equipped to give. The dauntless Irwin team was sent for, and though neither had ever written a play before, they chased pencil over paper for three days and three nights and produced a remarkable concoction that ran for three weeks. But the Irwins could never be got to see a performance; they were so ashamed of it when it was done.

\* \* \*

A MORE recent “rush order” job was performed by Will Irwin and is a unique form of knight errantry. A certain young vaudeville artiste had been doing a very popular pantomime act which presently some one else proceeded to copy. Now, according to the copyright law, you cannot copyright a pantomime performance, but you can copyright the play upon which a pantomime act is usually based, and so protect it in that way. This particular act, however, utterly lacked any literary parentage; like Topsy, it had “jes growed.” The theatrical manager first claimed copyright for this act and then proceeded to make good; and Wallace Irwin was called in to do the job. It was the sort of a stunt that delights his soul. In record time he produced an original drama in very blank verse (adapted from the French!). And in due time the copyright was received from Washington. “But heaven help the man,” says Irwin, “who tried to

# Studebaker

“THE AUTOMOBILE WITH A REPUTATION BEHIND IT”



Electric  
Stanhope  
Model 22b  
Price \$1250



FOR quick trips about town and into the suburbs—for all ordinary business and social requirements—here is a car which will grow daily in the esteem of its owner. Among vehicles of its type it is as supremely distinctive in smartness of style as is the \$4,000 Studebaker among gasoline touring cars; it has the same thorough construction—the same smooth action. Simple in operation and always absolutely under control, this car can be driven by women with perfect safety through crowded streets.

Four speeds, from 3 to 14 miles per hour. Will carry two passengers over ordinary streets 40 miles on one charge. We also build a Special Stanhope, Model 13a, having a mileage of 50 miles, and a maximum speed of 18 miles per hour. This model is especially adapted to the requirements of physicians and other professional men.

Other Studebaker electric models are the Runabout, Victoria-Phaeton and Coupe.

Send for our new catalog of electric and gasoline cars.

## STUDEBAKER AUTOMOBILE COMPANY

SOUTH BEND, IND.

Members Association of Licensed Automobile Manufacturers.

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CLEVELAND, O., Central Automobile Co.  
PHILADELPHIA, PA., Titman, Leeds & Co.  
PITTSBURG, PA., J. E. McNary Co.  
ROCHESTER, N. Y., A. V. Hart  
SAVANNAH, GA., Kramer & Wroten  
ST. LOUIS, MO., Union Electric Light & Power Co.  
TOLEDO, O., Kirk Bros. Automobile Co.

## HEALTH MERRY GO ROUND



Ten feet across—not a toy—but the real thing. No child too big to enjoy and want one—three-year-old can run it—four roomy seats.  
Healthful Outdoor Sport—like rowing—for boys and girls, developing lungs, straightening backs, strengthening limbs. Keeps children at home and off dusty streets and sidewalks. Endorsed by physicians and parents.  
Full toned organ with every outburst, begins playing when Merry Go Round starts. Plays any tune.  
Health Merry Go Round Co., Dept. 11 Quincy, Ill.

## Hay-Fever Rose-Cold

A MONOGRAPH of interest, containing practical facts without theories and fancies, sent free upon request.

Dr. Walter C. Browning

1325 Spruce St., Philadelphia, Pa.





For BRIDAL GIFTS:  
**The NEW SHAPES in  
TECO POTTERY**

They are another demonstration of how supreme is simplicity in the realm of beauty. The mastery of line, as artists call it, which distinguishes **TECO** is what has, in so few years, established this ware as America's most serious contribution to the world's permanent art.

After you get a piece or two of **TECO** into your home you will not wonder that people become enthusiastic collectors of it.

You will find it filling places where nothing else is adaptable—in quiet harmony with every sort of environment—and you will rejoice in the refreshment you derive from its cool, clean, pure and livable green tone.

The pieces below, left to right, are: No. 431, 10 in. high, \$5; No. 435, 7 in., \$3; No. 58, 3 in., \$1.50; No. A-402, 6 in., \$2.50; No. 407, 9 in., \$4.

Write today for the **Teco Portfolio de Luxe** and Special Folder of the NEW PIECES. Both will be sent without charge by

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Booklet free on receipt of  
2c. in stamps. **SEND FOR IT**

**O. M. BURT, G. P. A.**  
Boston, Mass.



make head or tail of that play!" And it is the first case on record of a parent being born after the child.

THE perennial humorist, with a heavy yearly output of stories, rhymes and books, can hardly be blamed for occasionally repeating himself, much less can he avoid the temptation of ringing the changes on an old theme. Yet even the most hardened sinner does not care to have the crime brought home to him as happened to John Kendrick Bangs not long since. His publishers had turned over to a young artist his latest book that she might design a book cover—a dangerous experiment, as the young lady, though clever, was English and the book was a volume of alleged American humor. Mr. Bangs himself passes upon his book covers, and in this case, as usual, the design was submitted to him. The motif was a green leaf many times repeated. A grim smile spread over Mr. Bangs's ruddy countenance as the unconscious significance of the design slowly dawned upon him. He sent for the artist.

"My dear Miss K——," he said, graciously, "this is a very effective cover, but this, er, leaf—what kind of a leaf is it meant to be?"

"Oh, that!" she replied, innocently, "that is the chestnut!"

"Ah!" said Mr. Bangs. "I thought so!" Then he painstakingly initiated her into the mysteries of American slang and showed her why the design would not do.

### Philadelphia

A PECULIARITY of Philadelphia that never fails to impress the properly informed New Yorker who tarries there is the concentration of its creative intellect within the radius of a few "squares." The moonlight trips in the rubber-neck wagon and the straw rides in the trolley car are interesting enough in their way, and the place where Benjamin Franklin flew his kite can always be counted upon to impart a gentle thrill; but the student of the town's conservatism is chiefly overcome by the atmosphere of the old residence district. The visitor who fares afoot cannot escape the conviction that he will find anybody he knows within a ten-minutes walk from the City Hall.

\* \* \*

THIS is certainly true of Philadelphia's literary folk. You can stand where Chestnut Street cuts Broad and cast a stone to the home of almost any Philadelphian whose fame as a bookman has traveled beyond Camden. Owen Wister's workshop on Chestnut Street is but three blocks from the ferry, and his home but a little further west on Pine. John Luther Long's Walnut Street office is not far away, and if you follow Walnut to Sixteenth you will



MAKAROFF  
RUSSIAN  
CIGARETS

REGULAR  
RUSSIAN STYLE  
ROUND WITH HOLLOW MOUTHPIECE

FLAT  
WITHOUT  
MOUTHPIECE

15 cents 20 cents 25

Not to be had everywhere—yet—but worth a walk to the right dealer, wherever he is.

Dealers now have Makaroff Russian Cigarets in tens—if they can get them.

If your dealer has them, you are lucky—so is he—to have placed his order in time.

I have been telling you the supply was limited—and it is. Workmen to make these goods cannot be picked up casually in America.

I offered them to dealers only recently—they have taken all we can make and are asking for more.

The reason—a cigaret made to smoke and not, primarily, to sell. Don't believe it? Try them today.

If your dealer hasn't them, I can still supply you direct with the boxes of 100 only—packed in cedar—either style shown above—at \$2.50 the hundred—cash with order.

Your money back instantly and without question if the cigarettes fail to please—and you needn't return the cigarettes—a guarantee that protects you from both loss and bother.

*G. Nelson Douglas*

**Makaroff Company of America**  
Suite 152  
95 Milk Street, Boston, Mass.



pass the home, with its physician's office and literary "den" combined, of Dr. S. Weir Mitchell. Only two blocks west is the abiding place of Dr. George M. Gould, whose five volumes of "Biographic Clinics" have compelled an ever-widening critical attention, while the "Fireside Sphinx" of Miss Agnes Repplier sits inscrutable at Nineteenth Street and Chestnut. Nor must one omit the human encyclopedia, Talcott Williams, of Pine Street, who does not bother writing books, but who knows about everything, and who tells it modestly in simple brevity type. The literary shiner of the future can do Philadelphia, en route to New York, while stopping over at Johnmaker's for luncheon, and never miss the time.

### Magazines

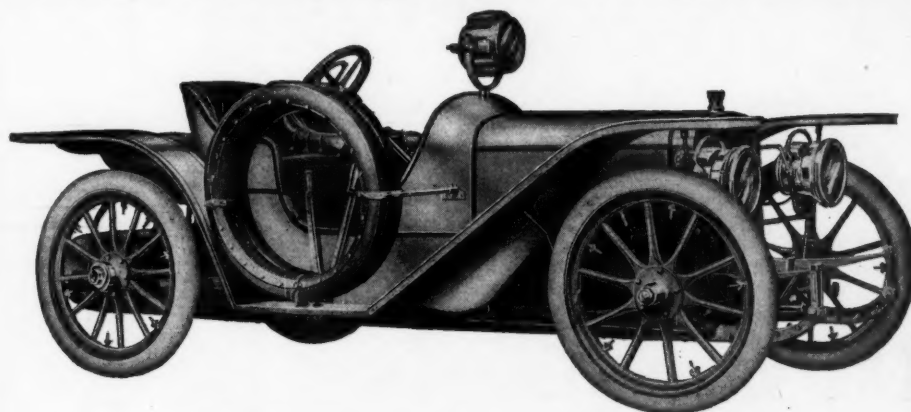
EVERY now and then, somebody impressed by the paucity of periodical literature launches a new magazine. A history of such ventures undertaken in Manhattan would be instructive, but possibly not deterrent to those daring souls who can capitalize the courage of their convictions. The most recent and noteworthy attempt to establish a high-class periodical has come to an end with the suspension of *The Times Magazine*, which expires solvent and creditably after a persistent struggle. Originally projected by Mr. John Brisben Walker as *The Twentieth Century Home*, it did not at once take the community by storm, and suffered in consequence some modification of plan and title. Its recent conductors are men of experience and proved capacity in their special field; but dispassionate observers did not detect in the magazine that marked originality of purpose and method essential in a field already so thickly sown—and the public seems to have shared this view of it.

\* \* \*

SEEKERS of reputation and great reward will not be discouraged by such failures. The magazine field was pronounced to be preempted in the days when Mr. Walker emerged boldly from the West, and startled the sacred precincts of *The Century* with offers to purchase. His compromise, *The Cosmopolitan*, fetched \$500,000—so we have been informed—when sold to Mr. Hearst. Similarly, Mr. McClure braved competition with new ideas and limited capital, and is now fairly well established in Twenty-third Street with a monthly which he runs in a way "to please himself," as he has put it.

You can never tell. We doubt if *The Argonaut*—at its best, the best weekly of its class published on this continent—would "go" in New York, while certain other publications persist in circulating freely, in the face of our superior taste and judgment.

## "No Noise But the Wind" THE AMERICAN ROADSTER



High Powered, High Speed, High Class

Price \$3,250 f.o.b. Indianapolis

With this little beauty you can feed your dust to anything on the road and feel perfectly safe and comfortable while doing it. The fastest, most reliable and safest car in the world for gentleman's road work. Does better than a mile a minute without effort. Low center of gravity makes skidding unknown, upsetting impossible.

The frame is underslung, suspended from the springs. Nothing projects below the frame. Road clearance, 10 1/4 inches.



Note the fact that the body sets between the axles, not over them. The great springs allow the axles to travel up and down without disturbing the body. Road clearance, 10 1/4 inches.

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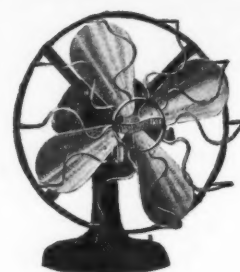
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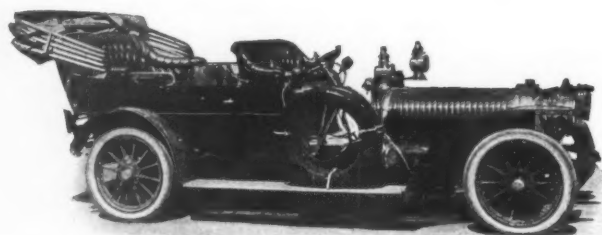
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# LIFE



THE TEDDYSSY. BOOK IV

THE SIRENS TRY TO LURE TEDDYSSSES TO THE "ROCKS," BUT HAVING BOUND HIMSELF TO THE SHIP OF STATE, COLUMBIA STEERS HIM THROUGH

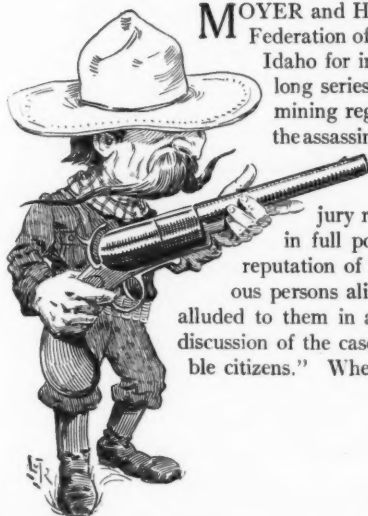
## Undesirable Citizens

**M**OYER and Haywood, officers of the Western Federation of Miners, are about to be tried in Idaho for instigating and bringing about a long series of trade-union murders in the mining regions of that State, ending with the assassination of Governor Steunenberg.

What can be proved against them to the satisfaction of a jury remains to be seen, but they are in full possession and enjoyment of the reputation of being two of the most dangerous persons alive. President Roosevelt lately alluded to them in a burst of candor provoked by discussion of the case of another man as "undesirable citizens." Whether they are murderers or not,

there is no doubt that they are undesirable citizens, but the Central Federated Union, which has taken up their cause, was scandalized that the President should have called them so, and appointed a committee of three to go to Washington and see if the President would retract his statement. He wouldn't. So long as the men were about to be tried, it was unfortunate that the President should have expressed any opinion about them; but having said what he said, he has stuck to it with characteristic vehemence, and has written and published a letter which stands on its head the organization which has been formed to influence the administration of justice in Idaho in favor of the men accused.

The President is remarkably fortunate in the enemies he makes. Conversely, anybody who acquires notoriety by pitching into him, even on just grounds, is likely to be dismayed by the qualities of the company he finds himself keeping.





"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. XLIX. MAY 16, 1907. No. 1281.  
17 WEST THIRTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK.



**ELIZABETH GURLEY FLYNN**, Conrad Moskowitz and Henry Jager have come out heartily against President Roosevelt. They lined up in the Opposition on May 1, at the meeting of Socialists which was held on that day in Union Square, New York, in the interest of Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone, the Idaho patriots, who are under indictment for the murder of Governor Steunenberg. "Roosevelt," said Miss Flynn, "is the watch-dog of capital, and stands for nothing that we stand for. If we want a square deal, we must take it. If we want Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone free, we are the ones to free them."

Admitting that President Roosevelt's allusion to Moyer and Haywood as undesirable citizens was, all things considered, an indiscretion, we question whether Elizabeth, Conrad and Henry are on the right track, as members of the Opposition, in making so much of it. The Opposition, if it is to make any headway, has got to pull together. A very considerable company, it seems, can be raised to pull for the acquittal of Haywood and Moyer, but how can that group ever hope to work to advantage with such Opposition leaders as feel no particular concern about the indicted patriots, except to have them hanged if they are found guilty of murder? It seems out of the question that such men as Henry H. Rogers, E. H. Harri-man, J. W. Wadsworth, Benjamin Tillman, Jacob Gould Schurman, John S. Wise and Chancellor Day will ever work in effective harmony with Elizabeth, Conrad and Henry, unless these latter citizens coagulate on some new issue.

The country can't be roused to any boisterous degree of frenzy over Haywood and Moyer. As to them, all that the country wants is that they should have a fair trial and be dealt with according to the impression made by the evidence on the minds of the jury. If Roosevelt is to be bested it must be on some other issue.

But what issue?

Really, it is awfully hard to say. The natural cry of an Opposition is that Roosevelt has been President long enough, and that we ought to have somebody else. The embarrassment of fighting him under that profession is that the President himself proclaims and insists that he has been President nearly long enough, and that next year somebody else has got to be found to take the job.



**T**HE embarrassment that this formal and recorded declaration of the President causes such Opposition as has hitherto accumulated is distressing to observe. It is hard to put enough ginger into the work of pointing out the danger of continuing in power a President who is more than half through his second term, and who has declared, and persists in declaring, that nothing can induce him to run again. Accordingly, the propensity is overwhelming among the more obstreperous members of the Opposition to discredit President Roosevelt's purpose to retire. They intimate that he probably will run again, no matter what he has said about it. Many of them are quite sincere in this intimation, for having no confidence in anybody's word they do not think he will abide by his.

To our mind this is not safe and sane opposition. We heartily agree with Mr. Roosevelt that at the close of his present term he will have been President long enough, and heartily applaud his wise purpose never to be President again. We fully believe, too, that he will hold to that purpose, and refuse, either next year or in any future year, to be a candidate for President.

It seems to us, moreover, that there is some defect of sanity and safety in the claim that Taft, Hughes or any one else that the President seems inclined to favor as Republican candidate next year must,

because of Mr. Roosevelt's support, be rated as a Roosevelt puppet. That Taft, for example, once elected President, would be anybody's puppet is an altogether preposterous notion. The President might give a sort of support to Mr. Taft, Mr. Hughes, Mr. Root or any other likely Republican that would be embarrassing and, perhaps, do the candidate more harm than good. But it is as nearly assured as human events can be that Mr. Roosevelt will neither himself be President in 1909 nor direct the policies of whoever is President.

An Opposition to the present Administration that spends its strength in goading Mr. Roosevelt to break his recorded word, and in making it as difficult as possible to nominate any fit Republican as his successor, does not seem to be doing any very useful service. It sees too many pink monkeys to be really valuable. It should change its diet and stick more rigidly to tariff reform and the defense of the Constitution.



**T**HE Massachusetts colleges make a vehement complaint of the new policy of their State in taxing college property. As yet, we believe, the intention is that only the professors' houses, owned by the colleges, shall be taxed, but the colleges object even to that, and argue that once taxation of college property begins there is no telling how far it will go.

It is a curious proceeding for Massachusetts. There is no State so famous as she is for her colleges, and no State whose colleges cost her less. Not one of them that we recall is supported by taxation. All, or nearly all of them, are endowed by the gifts of individuals, from which and from the tuition fees of students they derive their support. Moreover, the Massachusetts colleges have long been, and are constantly being, enriched by the benefactions of citizens of other States. It is the more ungracious and surprising of the State to tax them.

Of course, the colleges can stand a certain amount of taxation, and will doubtless rather pay than move out of the State. Indeed, the amounts of money demanded are said to be as yet not very serious. But can Massachusetts afford to demand them?

## A Proclamation

*To the People of the United States of America :*

**The Congress** is hereby summoned to assemble in the Capitol at Washington on Monday, the thirty-first day of June, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and seven and in the year of the Independence of the United States of America the one hundred and thirty-first, there to deliberate and take measures to relieve the people of this country from the oppression and tyranny of an iniquitous Tariff.

I am aware that this action should have been taken long ago, but I have been too busy and, furthermore, I have had no desire to offend persons who have been liberal contributors to my party in politics. I assure the people of the United States that I have not been deterred from action in this matter by any fear of disturbing business conditions and lessening the prevalent prosperity. I have been controlled up to date only by the same reverent spirit which makes every good Republican hold the Tariff as sacred as is Juggernaut to his worshippers. At last my eyes are opened to the fact that the Tariff is the real basis of the corrupting power of our Money Kings.

The delay in this matter has been caused by the consideration of such important and urgent public business as the regulation of college athletics; the reform of spelling; the discouragement of race suicide; the proper rewarding by military promotion and civil appointment of my gallant comrades in arms known as the Rough Riders; the guidance of the people in the selection of my successor as President; the advancement of the personal fortunes of General Leonard M. Wood; the adjustment of delicate diplomatic relations with the Papal Court, and a number of equally grave public questions altogether too numerous to mention.

I shall relieve the people of the unjust and unevenly distributed burden of taxation imposed by the Tariff even if I have to break personal and political friendship with every representative of a Trust in the United States Senate, even with Senator Aldrich himself, even with Speaker Cannon of the House of Representatives. I at last fully appreciate the power of the Tariff as a corrupter of our political life and as a power to make the rich richer and the poor poorer. I am finally aware that it is a most costly tax to collect, that it inflicts undeserved inconvenience and humiliation on American travelers of both sexes and that the American attitude toward works of art makes us the laughing-stock of the world, besides hindering our national education. I confess that I should have attended to this matter sooner, but now I am going to right this wrong, even if it does interfere with my plans to name my successor as President.





## Arthur and His Toys

**A**LMOST invariably there comes a time in the life of every little boy when his toys have become exhausted, and having had everything there is, there is nothing else for him to do.

Little Arthur, the boy magnate, was no exception to this rule.

For days he had been very restless, and had wandered aimlessly about. Even his old companions did not seem to interest him.

One afternoon, however, he had gone off in a new direction, and when he came in at nightfall he betrayed such signs of uneasiness that both papa and mamma were greatly alarmed.

Somehow, they did not like the look in his eyes.

"What is the matter, Arthur?" asked his father, gently.

"I don't want to tell."

"Oh, come now. If you tell the truth you won't be punished."

"Yes, Arthur dear," said his mother, "do not keep us in suspense."

"Well, then, I shot a boy."

"Shot a boy!" exclaimed both parents.

"Yes. I got a revolver, and I shot him. And I killed him, too."

Arthur's father became quite agitated.

"Quick! Arthur!" he exclaimed.

"Was he a nice boy like you? Was his father a multimillionaire like me?"

Arthur laughed wisely.

"I should say not," he replied. "I knew too much for that, I hope."

Both the parents looked relieved.

"Now, Arthur," said his mother, drawing him to her, "what did you do it for?"

"Well, mamma, I got tired of playing with my toys, and I read about the trials in the papers, and I thought it would be nice to have one. I was arrested," he said, proudly.

"Arrested!"

"Yes. But of course the policeman let me off when he found out who I was. He whispered to me to run home."

"That isn't going to make any difference in the end," said Arthur's father. "Of course, even if it is a matter of form, they'll come for you, and we'll have to have a trial."

His mother began to sob.

"To think," she exclaimed, "that Arthur should have been so naughty! I told you," she said, looking at her husband reproachfully, "that he shouldn't have been allowed to read the newspapers."

"Oh, well," said his father, "he might as well sow his wild oats. He'll have to, anyway."

"Won't it be fun!" exclaimed Arthur.

The next day Arthur's father saw the district attorney and the judge in whose court the case was to be tried, and had them to dinner, and the whole matter was arranged. Although the judge said it wasn't necessary, in view of his father's position, Arthur insisted upon going to jail, so a nice, comfortable suite was fitted up, with a room where he could interview reporters and see his mother on her daily visits.

The trial lasted for ten days, and the jury being composed of poor men, Arthur was convicted.

"You see, Arthur dear," said his father, when the verdict was announced, "what a lot of trouble you are causing me. Wall Street was never more in need of my services, and just because of your little antic, I've got to let the stock of at least eighteen railroads be put up to abnormal figures. Never mind. I'll have a rich man's panic when I get a few hours to myself. In the meantime, I'll see the governor."

"But, papa," said Arthur, "first can't I be transferred to some other jail? The prisoners are awfully jolly in jails, and they have such good things to eat. It's so different from the dull life at home."

But his father shook his head.

"No, Arthur, you must consider me a little."

And so the next day Arthur was pardoned by the governor, who held so much stock in Arthur's father's trusts that it was a point of honor for him to do so.

And Arthur said, "Dear mamma and papa, don't you think I ought to give a party in honor of my release?"

"That would be nice," said his mother.

"What kind of a party would you like?"

"A coming-out party," said Arthur.

And both parents laughed outright.

"Arthur," said his father, as he patted him on the head,

"that remark is so bright that it almost pays me for all the trouble you've caused."

T. L. M.



### The Present-Day Estimate

**H**OW far are we from Chicago?" asks the passenger, plucking at the sleeve of the conductor as that official passes him.

"Three wrecks, one misplaced switch and a washout," answers the conductor, hastening on, lighting his red lantern as he goes.

### Sweet Poverty

"I am glad I was born to poverty."  
—*The Laird of Skibo.*

O BLESSED, long lost poverty, how sweet you seem to be,  
As I look back on those dear days when you enveloped me!  
What happy hours indeed were those, what moments of delight,  
When supperless I used to seek my attic-room at night!  
What joy it was on icy morns to face the bitter wind,  
With clothes by far too thin before, and even worse behind;  
To pass the snowbound freezing street with patches on my pants,  
Was joy of a peculiar kind unknown to high finance.

How sweet the taste of canned corned beef,  
washed down with watered milk!  
What comfort was there in no socks, unknown to socks of silk!  
I'd gladly swap my patent pumps for those old shoes forlorn  
That fitted both my feet at once, and never knew a corn.  
How I recall those days of bliss when Saturday was thru  
I counted up the wage I'd earned—a dollar twenty-two—  
And with what pride I sought my home, and cried with joy immense  
To tell my orphaned father of a raise of seven cents!

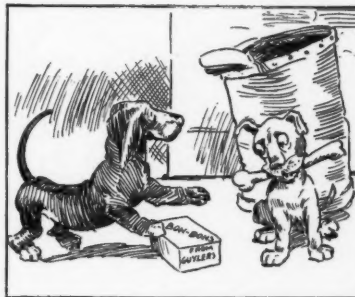
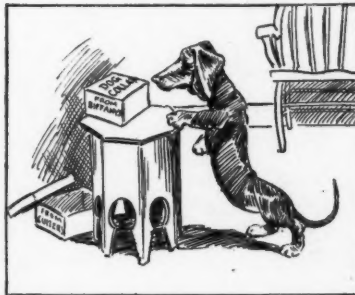
No music hath the world to-day like that in times of yore,  
When, baying night and day, the wolf sang just outside my door.  
No joys in riches can compare to those I used to see  
In those fair days when I was steeped in abject poverty—  
BUT YET, you need not ask me, friend, to swap my present cares,  
Whereby I'd join the pauper crew, and you the millionaires,  
For I am not a selfish man, and, though my wealth annoys,  
I'd never in my life deprive a poor man of his joys. *John Kendrick Bangs.*

### Search Out These Heroes

HERE is a sentiment of considerable strength and prevalence that there ought to be a strong and rational opposition to the Roosevelt administration, to secure proper examination of its measures and modification of them where it is needed. Almost equally strong and prevalent is the desire that this opposition shall be set up and carried on by some



### Another Gold Brick Swindle



one else. Very few patriots want to oppose Roosevelt or anything that is tagged with his name. A great many patriots want somebody else—somebody that is wise, valiant and respectable—to oppose him, while they continue to give him their affectionate, though somewhat deprecative, support. He is so likable in so many particulars that they can't bear to go against him, so popular that it is bad business to oppose him, and besides that, they heartily approve of very much that he is trying to do, though his methods scare and his manners agitate them.

This is a very funny state of things. We beg leave to call to it the attention of the gentlemen whose office it is to distribute those medals which Mr. Carnegie provides for the embellishment of persons who perform heroic acts. Every man who, unactuated by a personal grudge, plants himself for conviction's sake and the good of the country in the path of the Roosevelt chariot is obviously a hero, and ought to receive a Carnegie medal without a moment's unnecessary delay. To send it to his widow will be cold comfort. Let him have it himself, and begin with President Schurman of Cornell, who lately (in his eulogy of Governor Higgins) invited the consideration of the thoughtful to some details of the character and career of that notable patriot Tiberius Gracchus.

### Wholesale Patriots

MR. JACOB H. SCHIFF is reported to have said at a recent banquet:

We hear much of the responsibility of the classes to the masses. Gentlemen, I am not sure whether the masses do their duty as thoroughly as do the classes. I am filled with admiration for men like Rockefeller and Morgan and the others of whom Dr. Miller spoke. They have great fortunes, but they direct their diffusion rightly. Their wealth is like a reservoir, into which run little streams from the mountains, which of themselves would be of no use to mankind.

Indeed, no! And the American of moderate means is grateful that his surplus earnings are flowing into the splendid "reservoirs" of Messrs. Rockefeller and Morgan.

But if, by chance, the tributaries object, why, so much the worse for them. A "little stream" run dry is just as beautiful to a financier, provided the water is in the right "reservoir."



### Sanctum Talks

"THIS is LIFE, I fancy."

"Oh, how are you, Mr. Henry James? I see you've had your whiskers trimmed since you used to live here. How is Literature?"

"You refer, I presume, to my last book on America. Have you read it?"

"Why, no. The only one of yours I've seen lately is your impressions of Henry James."

"Same thing. Did you like it?"

"Yes, Mr. James. I thought it was first-rate. After I had read it, I felt as though I knew less about you than ever."

"I'm glad you mentioned that, my dear LIFE, because that's what troubles me."

"Troubles you? Why, I thought you gloried in it."

"Nonsense. Between you and me, LIFE, there are times when—are we entirely alone? It wouldn't do for this to get out."

"You're entirely safe, Mr. James. Open your heart."

"Well, then, between you and me, it grows on one."

"What grows on one?"

"Style."

"I'd never thought of that."

"Well, it's true if you only stop to think of it. You see, if a man can keep from having a style he is almost sure to make himself clear to the end."

"And you?"

"Hopeless!"

"Hopeless! Don't say that, Mr. James."

"I mean it. It's fastened upon me. And the worst of it is, my whole reputation depends upon it. Just think, LIFE, of what that means—to have your reputation depend upon your style."

"I suppose it has ruined a good many really well-meaning authors. But is your case as bad as that, Mr. James?"

"I'm afraid so. Strange, isn't it? Peculiar sort of a disease. Now, when I talk to you, why, I am as plain as a pike-staff. New York is New York. Boston is Boston. But the moment I begin to write, then New York and Boston are"—

"What are they, Mr. James?"

"Words. That's the difficulty, LIFE.

Words have been my undoing. If it hadn't been for words"—

"Now, look here, Mr. James. You mustn't think so badly of yourself. Consider what you mean to so many intellectual women. Why, they couldn't live without you."

"Isn't that enough to make me lose my self-respect?"

"Nonsense! Reflect, also, upon what you've done. Why, you have actually created an immense variety of delicate shades of meaning which nobody before ever suspected of existing, and you have written about them so subtly and with such grand art that"—

"Tut, tut! Just between you and me, LIFE, this is all tommyrot."

"Really?"

"Really. No one near?"

"No one."

"Well, I'll just whisper this confidentially. You see, the Anglo-Saxon temperament is a mixture of hypocrisy and toadyism. Now, if you can only set up a reputation for being something subtle, why, that's high art, and they'll flock."

"But, my dear Henry James, there is something more to you than that. You have occasionally really simple ideas."

"Oh, yes, of course. But I succeed in spite of them. Even when one is enveloped in a style like mine, the fog lifts occasionally, you know, and one gets glimpses of simple things. You can't help this at times."

"And if you persisted in this; if you really wrote of things that every one knew about; if you ignored style, what then?"

"Why, of course, then I would be old-fashioned. I'd be in the same class with Bunyan, Shakespeare and Macaulay."

"That would be a blow!"

"Wouldn't it? My admirers would never recover. You see, LIFE, they would have no chance to flaunt their superiority over others by assuming to understand me when others were obliged to confess they didn't. Therein lies my real strength. It's founded on vanity."

"I think I see, Mr. James."

"The few people who admire me are flattered by the thought that they are the only ones who understand me."

"But do they really understand you?"

"Don't you see, LIFE, that it doesn't make any difference whether they do or not? For how is any one else to find this out? The position of my toadies is,





A MISS IS WORSE THAN A MILE

therefore, absolutely secure. They have only to wag their heads solemnly and tell how subtly great I am. The only safety on the part of others is to acquiesce in this; not to acquiesce in it is to admit that one is not up to me. You see what a perfect system it is."

"Oh, yes. But, my dear Henry, you are really an interesting and able person.

There are good things about you. Even now, if you began all over on words of one syllable, you might amount to something."

"You forget, LIFE, my reputation. How can I get rid of that?"

"Live it down."

"At my time of life! Besides, would it be fair now to disappoint all those fol-

lowers who have come to depend upon me as their only means of literary support? Think of what it would mean to have them walk about in society cold and hungry for something to talk about that no one else knows the meaning of?"

"In other words, if the truth were known about you, a large number of people would be thrown out of employment."

"Precisely."

"Then we'll have to keep quiet about all this."

"Absolutely. You can sympathize with me, but"—

"But it must be a secret between us."

"Absolutely."

"I understand, Henry James. Just between you and me."

"Just between you and me."

"Good-morning."

"Good-morning, LIFE."



### Valuable Works

*Not Yet Announced for Publication, but Expected Sometime*

"JOLTS I Have Saved the Country," by the author of "Confessions of Elihu Root."

"Up Against It," by William Henry Taft, author of "Things I Undid," "Scrapes I Have Got Folks Out Of," etc.

### Razors, Too

WHILE New York is so fervent in the work of disarming the resident Sicilians, why not divert some of the surplus energy to persuading the colored brother to leave his razors on the bureau?



Mrs. Crow: ALGERNON! ALGERNON! YOU HAVE BEEN IN JAIL!

Mr. Crow: I HAVE *not*. I LEANED AGAINST A WHITEWASHED FENCE

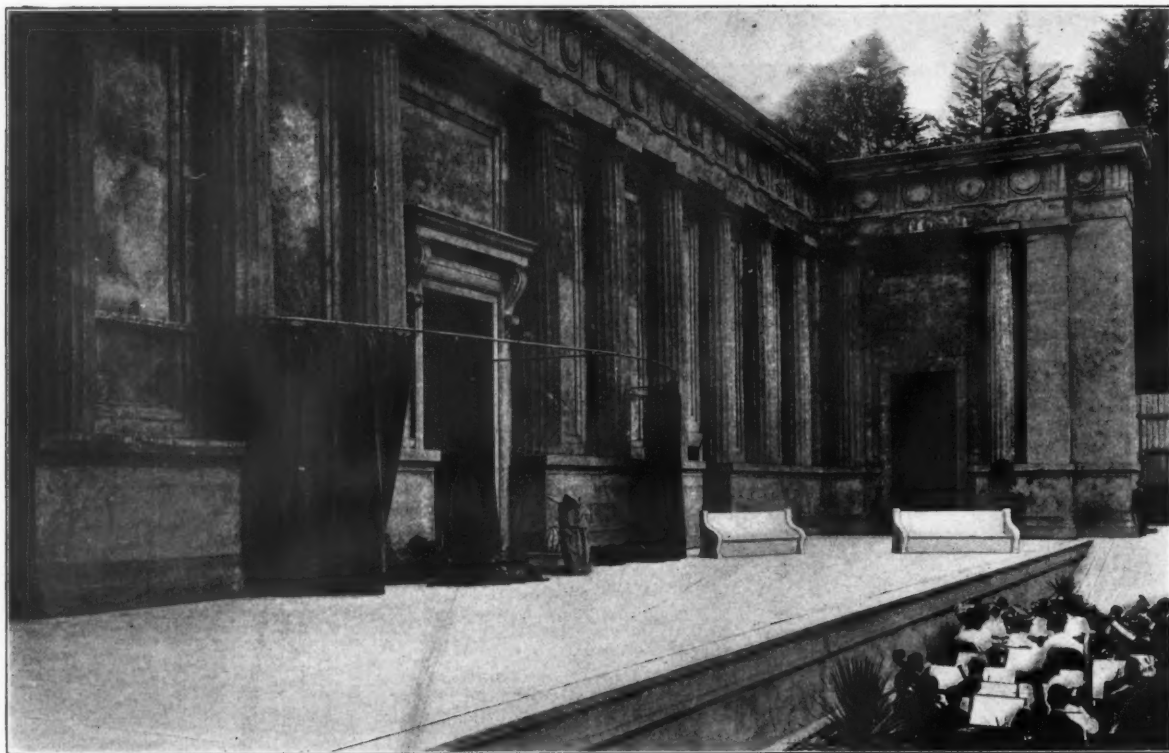


LIFE.



MAJOR REX





THE "EUMENIDES" OF AESCHYLUS AT THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA'S GREEK THEATRE. *Clytemnestra reproaches The Furies*



#### Drawing to the Season's Close

**H**AD so interesting a play as "The Primrose Path" been produced earlier in the year it would have attracted considerable attention and provoked quite a bit of discussion. Coming at the tag end of the season it will doubtless be killed off by the warm weather and the diversion of the public's interest to other amusements than those of the theatre. The play certainly is interesting both in story and setting. The former is highly artificial in some of its incidents but its motive is the basic one of a man's love, its waning, and the woman's continuing devotion and self-sacrifice. It is founded on one of Lucas Malet's novels, and Mr. Bayard Veiller has woven it into a dramatic construction with some very intense moments and a fairly plausible sequel of events.

Nothing that bears Malet's name could be quite free from taint and the important incident of this play bears out that statement. It might easily have been made a little less brutal and more probable without weakening its dramatic force. At the same time it provides a strong ending for the first act and is so stamped on the mind that it has its potent and unpleasant effect in the later scenes.

Margaret Wycherly heads an unusually clever and well-trained cast. As the Devonshire lass whose devotion to her artist-lover leads her to London, Paris, New York and finally, heart-broken, back to Devonshire, she gives us a portrayal marked by originality, womanly sweetness and undemonstrative power. Her speaking voice and delivery are enjoyable and worthy of imitation. She showed excellent discrimination in the use of dialect. The leading man, whose name, Sheldon Lewis, is unfamiliar in New York, is handicapped by a lack of that personal pulchritude dear to the heart of the matinee girl, but he supplied the deficiency by something more unusual in the form of intelligence and a dominating individuality. In a support of considerably more than average merit especial notice is due to Mr. Ralph Lewis as a far from impossible

reporter, Sarah Whiteford as a society young woman with artistic tendencies, Mr. Robert Jackson as the fussy secretary of an art school and Minnette Barrett as a professional model.

Many less interesting and worse presented plays than "The Primrose Path" have met more than ordinary success in New York this season.

\* \* \*

**T**HEATRICAL conditions of the day having brought so many performances at the legitimate theatres into the realm of vaudeville it is only turn about that the vaudeville theatres should invade the realm of the legitimate drama. The vaudeville houses are doing this to a rapidly increasing extent and it may be that they will eventually provide the opportunity for dramatic composition which is every day growing smaller in the so-called higher class theatres.

LIFE recently noticed the dramatic version of "The Jungle" done at Proctor's Fifth Avenue and last week the same stage saw the first representation of a little drama made from the "Mateo Falcone" of Prosper Merimée by Edith Gardner Shearn. The story and playlet deal dramatically with the Corsican idea of honor. The stage version was good enough to deserve a little better

treatment than it received at the hands of the Proctor Stock Company. The crudeness of the minor actors detracted from the general result, although the *Maleo* of Mr. Melrose was impressive and the *Fortunata* of Mrs. F. L. Pruyn (a novice) was very far indeed from being a bad performance.

It is to be hoped that the Keith-Proctor theatres and others of their kind will find sufficient profit in such experiments to justify their making many of them. Everything helps that tends to encourage individual effort in providing good material for the stage.



HE appended views of performances on the stage of the Greek Theatre at the University of California are explained in this letter:

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA,  
OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY.

To the *Dramatic Editor of Life*: No doubt your interesting comment on the Yale play has brought you letters from many American universities. I wish that you might some time join the audience in the Greek Theatre at Berkeley and see one of the student plays which are a vital part of undergraduate life here. The enclosed photographs will suggest the flavor of the place. They were taken last week at a presentation by the students, in the original Greek, of the "Eumenides" of Aeschylus, given with the choral and orchestral music written by Sir Charles Villiers Stan-

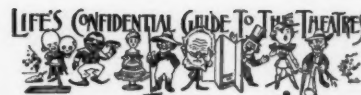
ford for the Cambridge production of some twenty years ago. In one picture the ghost of Clytemnestra reproaches the sleeping Furies and urges them to follow after the fugitive Orestes, her murderer and her son. The other picture is of the vote taken by the court of the Areopagus to determine the fate of Orestes. In the center stands Apollo, "counsel for the defense," and at the left of the picture are the snake-haired Furies.

Two weeks before the production of the "Eumenides" a hundred of the students participated in a presentation of "The Little Clay Cart," a Sanskrit comedy written about 600 A.D. by King Shudraka, and translated from the Sanskrit by Dr. Arthur W. Ryder, Instructor in Sanskrit in this University. The play proved most interesting from the point of literary and dramatic history, and intrinsically as well, and the essential human interest of its tragedy and its farce were not less interesting to the audience than the gorgeous spectacle of the religious festival in an Indian street, with a priestly procession and a caparisoned elephant shambling across the stage. Last fall the students gave "The Merry Wives of Windsor." They are planning for a year hence to give a Greek play in English: some such translation, for instance, as the Fitzgerald "Agamemnon," or the Browning "Balaustion's Adventure."

V. H. HENDERSON.

Which paints an encouraging picture of the education in a dramatic way of the youth of the Pacific slope. It's a mighty good thing that college authorities are guiding the histrionic tendencies of college men in profitable directions instead of ignoring them.

Metcalf.



*Academy of Music*—"The Prince of Pilsen," with Mr. Jess Dandy as the star. Musical comedy which has stood the test of several seasons.

*Astor*—"Before and After." Laughable farcical comedy.

*Belasco*—"The Rose of the Rancho." The continuously successful, exquisitely staged and well acted American drama.

*Bijou*—Mme. Alla Nazimova's interesting and unique personality exploited in most laughable and well-acted spicy comedy, "Comtesse Coquette."

*Casino*—"The White Hen." Demonstrates amusingly the abilities of Mr. Louis Mann and good company.

*Empire*—Ethel Barrymore in "Cousin Kate," by Mr. Hubert Henry Davis. Polite English comedy.

*Garrick*—"Caught in the Rain." Farcical comedy well presented by Mr. William Collier and competent company.

*Hackett*—Rose Stahl in "The Chorus Lady." A faithful and amusing study of the young women of the chorus and their lives.

*Herald Square*—"The Orchid." Mr. Eddie Foy and excellent company in rewritten English musical play. Funny.

*Hippodrome*—"Neptune's Daughter" and "Pioneer Days." Circus, ballet and water spectacle. Elaborate and gorgeous.

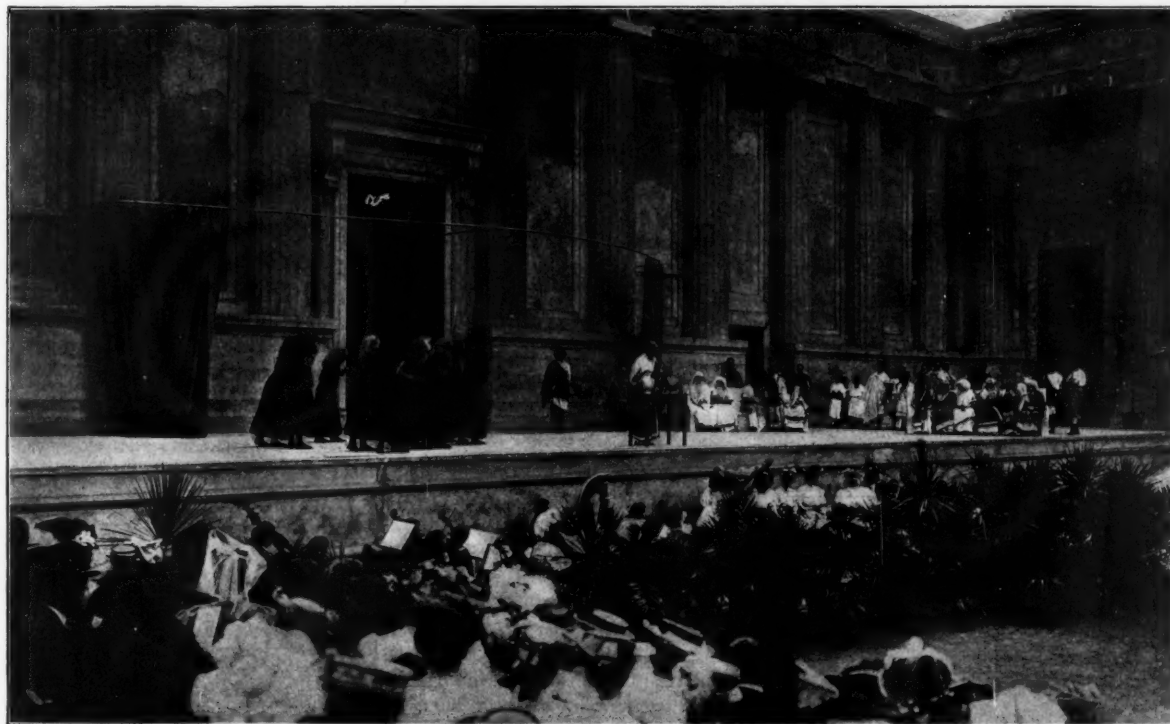
*Knickerbocker*—"The Red Mill." Messrs. Herbert and Blossom's clever setting forth of the comic and musical abilities of Messrs. Montgomery and Stone.

*Lincoln Square*—"Buster Brown."

*Lyric*—"The Road to Yesterday." The past and the present cleverly mingled in a dream play.

*Majestic*—Margaret Wycherly in "The Primrose Path." See opposite.

*Proctor's Theatres*—Vaudeville.



THE "EUMENIDES" OF AESCHYLUS. THE TRIAL OF Orestes BEFORE THE AREOPAGUS



ONE of the most agreeably companionable of the new books is Graham Travers' *Growth*, a novel which introduces us for a season into the student and religious circles of Edinburgh at the time of the Tractarian movement. It is not, either constructively or interpretatively, a remarkable novel. It is, however, one of unusual and attractive quality; one in which the characters, rather than their histories, interest us; just as, in real life, it is our friends, and not what happens to them, that matter. It is one of the books one is likely to read at intermittent leisure, but which one finds always ready to reassert its individuality.

Samuel Gordon's tale of Russian Jewry, *The Ferry of Fate*, is an example of that least acceptable of fictions, a tragedy that fails to be tragic. It is a story of to-day in southern Russia. Its situations and its characters both suggest



WRINKLES, the gentleman whose portrait we give herewith, won a blue ribbon at the New York Dog Show. The following was received by a four-legged friend in response to a vote of congratulation:

In doggerel our Wrinkles tries  
To send his thanks, for otherwise  
You'd think him rude,  
Stuck up, a dude!  
Because he carried off the prize.

possibilities. But it fails of achievement because it slights the fundamental truth that, while tragedy may wear a hundred guises, it can have but one source and but one habitation and that is the human heart.

Of course the same may be said of true comedy, for the two are half-brothers; diversely conceived, but born of one mother. Israel Zangwill's *Ghetto Comedies*, just published, admirably prove this consanguinity. Some of these sketches are delightful in their wistful humor and in the changing lights they catch upon their crossed threads of sadness and absurdity.

Under the title of *The Truth About the Congo* are reprinted in book form a series of articles recently published in the *Chicago Tribune* and written by Professor Frederick Starr. The author, on his own initiative and at his own expense, has just devoted a year to travel in the Congo Free State, observing the conditions and studying the inhabitants, black, white and missionary. Mr. Starr's report is reassuringly commonplace, in view of the sensational rumors in the public press; but any attempt to reconcile it with such apparently circumstantial accounts as Nevinson's *A Modern Slavery* can only lead to shrugged shoulders and a verdict of "you can search me."

The writings, and especially the short stories, of F. Hopkinson Smith are so strongly impregnated with the personality of the writer that they give one more the impression of oral than of written tales. One reads them, that is to say, with the effect of listening to Mr. Smith; and one lays them down with the conviction, not so much that they are good stories, as that he is a good fellow. In his latest collection of tales, *The Veiled Lady and Other Men and Women*, this quality is the more plainly felt in that the author figures as actor or spectator in many of the situations.

The fact that Pocahontas bears to the Jamestown Exposition the same relation of patroness *ex officio* that Queen Isabella bore to the World's Fair of 1893, gives a certain timeliness and interest to an attractive volume by Ella Loraine Dorsey. The text labors under the disadvantage of being more informing than readable, as it consists almost wholly of verbatim extracts from old chronicles and records,



"YES, I KNOW HE'S A RETIRED ARMY-WORM, BUT HAS HE A RIGHT TO HIS TITLE OF COLONEL?"

"HE IS THE KERNEL OF THAT NUT-SHELL."

but the excellent reproductions (one in colors) of five portraits of Pocahontas, and the concentrated authenticity of the narrative, have a value of their own.

Hugh Pendexter's slang yarns about *Tiberius Smith* (an up-to-date Munchausen of varied experience) ought to rejoice a considerable audience. There are Americans who will read anything with plenty of slang in it, just as there are people who will eat anything if it has cream on it. And some of these stories would be really funny in plain English.

J. B. Kerfoot.

*Growth*, by Graham Travers. (Henry Holt and Company. \$1.50.)

*The Ferry of Fate*, by Samuel Gordon. (Duffield and Company. \$1.50.)

*Ghetto Comedies*, by Israel Zangwill. (The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.)

*The Truth About the Congo*, by Professor Frederick Starr. (Forbes and Company, Chicago. \$1.00.)

*The Veiled Lady*, by F. Hopkinson Smith. (Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.)

*Pocahontas*, by Ella Loraine Dorsey. (The Howard Press, Washington, D. C. \$0.75.)

*Tiberius Smith*, by Hugh Pendexter. (Harper and Brothers. \$1.50.)





REFLECTIONS ON CERTAIN ASPECTS OF MARRIED LIFE

BY BACHELOR BROTHER

### Revised

JACOB RIIS, the Boswell of the Administration, has announced a revised version of the three Roosevelt maxims which are said to be the guiding principles of our beloved President's career. Of these, we note the first and third as relating more particularly to the Roosevelt springs of action:

Be ready. Be prepared for everything that may occur.

Apply your judgment to a question; and having done so, go ahead.

Mr. Riis is surely in a position to know whereof he speaks, and it is not for us to compare the somewhat inflated literary form of the foregoing precepts with the originality and crispness of the Essays and Addresses. But if we ourselves had been called upon to interpret the working philosophy of the Chief Executive we would, at a venture, have thus unlimbered the Maxims and gatling guns of speech:

Make haste strenuously.

Go ahead, then be sure you're right.

Leap before you look.

Conscience doth make mollicoddles of us all.

When angry, count a hundred—though you count by tens.

Trust in the Lord, and oil your shootin' irons.

All men are somewhat disposed to prevarication.

### Masterful Callings

PRESIDENT HADLEY says there are to-day three masterful professions—journalism, finance and politics—the practitioners of which regard themselves as masters, and not as servants.

The lawyers, then, are hired men, and the doctors, ministers, engineers and architects, but not the bankers, the journalists nor the politicians.

There is something in that, but the statement is somewhat sweeping. In any of the professions a man may be as masterful as he thinks he can afford to be. In any of them the practitioner who is indifferent to money-making can be his own boss. Independence is closely related to economy and to the ability to live inside of such an income as one can earn by the work of his choice.

A politician who has a living to make must have an eye to his bread and butter in shaping his political conduct, and so must a journalist, and a banker who is in partnership with his conscience must be prepared to pay his partner a due share of the profits.

But after all, why insist on being masterful when there is that in service which may satisfy the noblest of human aspirations! And, besides, it is through service that the road to mastery runs.



### BURBANKED HUMANITY

[Luther Burbank, the horticultural wizard, says his work can be applied to the human family as well as to plants.—*One of the magazines.*]

O, wizard of our Western land,  
Who changest daytime plants to night,  
You grow—and seemingly offhand—  
A blackberry that's dazzling white.  
But can you change as readily  
The fruit upon the family tree?

For instance, there's the large-girthed man,  
Who takes two seats when on a car,  
Who travels on the all-hog plan,  
And never stands where ladies are.  
Can he be changed so he will be  
The beau ideal of courtesy?

And can you raise—oh, dream divine!—  
An Easter lidless type of girl—  
A brand new output feminine  
That will not care for frill or curl?  
And through thy magic shall we see  
A gentler sex, sans vanity?

And can you hold out some hope faint  
That we shall see, in politics,  
An office-seeker free from taint,  
Who will not stoop to lies and tricks?  
In fact, can it be your great mission  
To graft a graftless politician?

—*Denver Republican.*

### ONE FROM THE GALLERY

"James Bryce, the British Ambassador," said a Chicagoan,  
"crossed with me on the *Oceanic*, and on the promenade deck  
one morning, the talk turning to Napoleon, he told me an  
amusing story.

"He said that in Paris, during the Napoleonic craze of some  
years back, he attended a Napoleon play at the Odeon.

"In this play one act hinged on the birth of the little King  
of Rome. If the child was a girl one cannon shot was to be  
fired; if a boy, two shots.

"Well, on the night in question a cannon shot rolled forth,  
and there ensued a long silence on the stage.

"It is a girl, said Josephine, tensely.

"But just then a second shot was heard, and the empress  
cried:

"No, a boy, a boy!"

"Now, though, through some error, a third cannon shot  
thundered forth. In the awkward pause that followed a gamin  
in the gallery shouted:

"Parbleu, it's triplets!"—*Washington Star.*

### COULDN'T FORGET WALL STREET

Wall Street associates of the great "bear," James R. Keene,  
admit almost unanimously that the financier is seldom caught  
napping. They declare, however, that Mr. Keene is absent-  
minded occasionally, and tell this story on him to prove it.  
Keene and his fellow "bull baiter," Washington E. Connor,  
were at the Keene country place outside of New York. It was  
a beautiful summer evening, and Connor proposed a stroll  
through the magnificent grounds. Though the guest had  
left all the cares and worries of the Street in the city, appar-  
ently the host had not. The two started on the walk, but  
Connor noticed that Keene was strangely uncommunicative.  
Suddenly the full moon appeared above the trees, and Connor  
regarded its splendor in silence for a moment. Then he turned  
to his companion:

"Isn't the moon beautiful, Keene?" he asked.

"Yep; but it's too high, too high!" was the preoccupied  
answer, with a sigh.—*Sunday Magazine.*



"HI, FELLOWS! LOOK AT THE LEMON-MARMALADE."

### EXPLICIT INSTRUCTIONS

As the St. Patrick's Day parade turned the corner an electric  
car came clanging down the street. The gallant captain knew  
that the proper maneuver under the circumstances was "open  
order," but not knowing the exact word of command for the  
occasion, he turned to his followers and shouted in martial tones:

"Attention, min! Here comes the car-r! Coompany,  
splitt!"—*Woman's Home Companion.*

SPEAKING with a young lady, a gentleman mentioned that he  
had failed to keep abreast of the scientific advance of the age.  
"For instance," he said, "I don't know at all how the incan-  
descent electric light which is now used in some buildings is pro-  
duced."

"Oh, it is very simple," said the lady. "You just turn a button  
and the light appears at once."—*Tit-Bits.*

### A GOLFING ALPHABET

A is the Alphabet; now let us try  
Its lessons to golfing's sweet charms to apply.  
B is the brassie, the bogey, the ball,  
The bunker, where grief often comes to us all.  
C is the caddie, who's oft disinclined  
To look for the ball, which yourself you must find.  
D is the driver, and if I but knew  
Its secrets I'd gladly reveal them to you.  
E is the elegant, exquisite ease  
Which your partner displays when he comes to the tee.  
F is the fozzie, the foursome, the 'fore:  
The latter announced by a fear-striking roar.  
G is the guttie, discarded and dead,  
So we'll take, if you please, its successor instead.  
H is the handicap; as we progress  
We are proud to behold it grow happily less.  
I is the iron, and J is the jigger,  
And K is the "Kite," with two shillings the figure.  
L is the lie, and it need not be stated  
How often a good one is necessitated.  
M is the mashie, and also the match,  
And likewise the medal we all want to catch.  
N is the niblick, in trouble a friend.  
O the opponent, one up at the end.  
P is the putter, most useful, the fact is,  
For giving on drawing-room carpets some practice.  
Q is the question, which worries the soul,  
Why on earth it's so hard to get into the hole?  
R is the rubber-core, ancient device,  
Though with certain advantages as to the price.  
S is the stimy, and also the stroke,  
And likewise subscriptions; but they are a joke.  
T is the tee where the amateurs stand.  
With their noses just peeping o'er hillocks of sand.  
U, V, W, X, Y and Z  
Are useful to mutter in passions instead  
Of the sorry expressions which sometimes distress me:  
Such as "Oh, good gracious!" "Confound it!" or "Bless me!"  
—*Liverpool Post.*

### THE TWINS

The Harmon twins looked so much alike as babies that  
their parents could scarcely tell them apart. As they grew  
older it became evident that to Grandmother Harmon at least  
the twins were a unit.

"You were asking me how much the twins weigh," said  
Grandmother Harmon to a neighbor. "When I went out that  
afternoon I put one of them on the scales at the grocery, and  
found they weigh just twenty-six pounds."

"Do they always weigh exactly the same?" inquired the  
neighbor, and Grandmother Harmon looked quite impatient.

"The twins?" she said. "Of course; why not?"

The neighbor had no reason to give, but she rebelled a few  
days later when, in answer to her inquiry, Grandmother Har-  
mon said:

"Where are the twins? Oh, they got a cinder in one of  
their eyes, and their mother has taken them down to the ocul-  
list's to have it removed, they were fussing so over it."—*Youth's  
Companion.*

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#### AUDIENCE READY TO HELP

At a representation of Schiller's "Don Carlos" in Belgrade Theatre, the pistol with which *Don Carlos* should have shot the *Marquis de Posa* refused to go off and the discomfited actors fled behind the curtain.

Offers of loaded weapons were at once made by several members of the audience.—*London Express*.

JOHNNIE: Papa, papa, come quick! Mamma has fainted

PAPA: Here, put this ten-dollar bill in her hand.

(A moment later): "She says she wants ten more."—*Fliegende Blätter*.

THE SOUTH FOR HOSPITALITY: The Manor, Asheville, North Carolina, is the best inn South.—*Booklet*.

#### WHAT WILL HAPPEN IN THE FUTURE

HUBBY: Quick! the night glasses. Another of those infernal flying machines has knocked off our chimney stack, and I want to take the number.—*The Tatler*.

AN OLD negro living in Carrolton was taken ill recently and called in a physician of his race to prescribe for him. But the old man did not seem to be getting any better, and finally a white physician was called. Soon after arriving Dr. S. felt the darky's pulse and examined his tongue. "Did your other doctor take your temperature?" he asked. "I don't know, sah," the patient answered, feebly. "I haven't missed anything but my watch as yet, boss."—*Argonaut*.

Kenilworth Inn, Biltmore, N. C. Always open. Most superbly finished hotel south of New York.

"THE truth shall set us free" is inscribed on a frieze in the new Pennsylvania Capitol. But since the truth is coming out some of the grafters seem to be in a fair way to be locked up.—*Washington Star*.

THE woman-suffrage measure has been killed in London, and the accounts say that the bill was talked to death. Who says the Briton has no sense of humor?—*New York Evening Mail*.

HARRIMAN says he prefers the penitentiary to the poorhouse, and some of his operations have shown that he means it.—*Philadelphia Press*.

#### Hotel Vendome, Boston

Commonwealth Avenue. No smoke or noise from cars.

"THERE are still a few honest men left in the world," said J. J. Hill, the financier, at a banquet, according to the *Minneapolis Journal*. "It is well to be cautious, but we should not suspect everybody. If we are too suspicious we make ourselves absurd."

"I worked in St. Paul in my youth, and they still tell there about an old farmer and his wife who started for St. Paul on a visit."

"Before the couple set off they were cautioned frequently by their friends to beware of the St. Paul sharpers. They replied that they would keep their eyes open. And they started on their journey with a nervous determination to look out for sharpers and confidence men."

"Well, on the way the old farmer got off at a junction to buy some lunch, and the train went off without him. It was a terrible mishap. The last he saw of his wife she was craning out of the car window, shouting something reproachful at him which he couldn't hear on account of the noise of the train."

"It happened that an express came along a few minutes later. The old farmer boarded the express and beat his wife to St. Paul by nearly an hour."

"He was waiting for her at the station when she arrived. He ran up to her and seized the valise."

"Well, Jane," he said, "I'm glad to see ye again. I thought we was separated for good."

"But the old lady jerked the valise from him indignantly."

"No, ye don't, Mr. Sharper," she cried. "I left my husband at the junction. Don't be comin' any of yer confidence tricks on me or I'll call a policeman."

In a pinch, use Allen's Foot-Ease.

IF PITTSBURG has, as it claims, twenty-five upright sons, a relief expedition should be organized at once to rescue them.—*Chicago Post*.

# BUFFALO

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**A Powerful Nerve Tonic and Restorative.**  
**Does it Contain Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda?**

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This is Jones



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Providence, R. I.  
Richmond, Va.  
Toronto, Ont., Canada.  
London, England.

### Books Received

*The White Cat*, by Gelett Burgess. (The Bobbs-Merrill Company.)  
*The Giant's Strength*, by Basil King. (Harper and Brothers. \$1.50.)  
*Katherine*, by E. T. Thurston. (Harper and Brothers. \$1.50.)  
*Tiberius Smith*, by Hugh Pendexter. (Harper and Brothers. \$1.50.)  
*New Chronicles of Rebecca*, by Kate Douglas Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin and Company.)  
*Indian Love Letters*, by Marah Ellis Ryan. (A. C. McClurg and Company.)  
*The Iron Way*, by Sarah P. Carr. (A. C. McClurg and Company.)  
*The Ministry of David Baldwin*, by H. T. Colestock. (T. V. Crowell and Company. \$1.50.)  
*Problems of the Panama Canal*, by Henry L. Abbot. (The Macmillan Company. \$2.00.)  
*The Story of the Outlaw*, by Emerson Hough. (Outing Publishing Company. \$1.50.)  
*The Nature and Origin of Life*, by Felix Le Dantec. (A. S. Barnes and Company. \$2.00.)  
*Phantom Wires*, by Arthur Stringer. (Little, Brown and Company. \$1.50.)

### Advice to the Court

UNCLE EPH was before the Court on the same old charge. After the evidence was all in the judge, with a perplexed look, said, "But I cannot comprehend, Ephraim, how it was possible for you to steal those chickens when they were roosting right under the owner's window, and there were two vicious dogs in the yard."

"It wouldn't do you a bit of good, judge, for me to 'splain how I cotched 'em," said Eph, solemnly; "you couldn't do it if yer tried forty times, and yer might get a hide full of buckshot de bery fust time yer put yer leg over de fence. De bes' way for yer to do, jedge, is fer yer to buy yer chickens in de market."  
 —*Woman's Home Companion*.

### Disciplining a Humorist

HUGH PENDEXTER, author of that book of droll and unique humor, "Tiberius Smith," which was published this month by the Harpers, finds that the way of the humorous transgressor is sometimes hard.

On the publication of his book he at once sent a copy to a dear old lady in his native State, Maine, who has known him since he was a child and has always felt an interest in his welfare.

But, alas! the dear old lady takes humor all too literally. She read Pendexter's delightful account of discovering the town in Vermont whose inhabitants didn't know that the Civil War was over, and this part of the book especially jarred her, whereupon she wrote to him:

"That part of your book is a lie from beginning to end, and so I fear that other parts must be also. Hugh, I am disappointed in you. I asked father to read about that town, too, and he agrees with me that it isn't so. I hadn't ever expected you to write anything that isn't true. Why, there never was any such a town as that or any such people, and you can't make me believe there was."

Pendexter is vainly trying, now, to win back his old friend's respect.—*Harper's*.

TWO men were coming into Denver from a nearby town on a local train the other day. The train stopped every five minutes, it seemed, and one of the men became impatient. Finally, when the train halted for the engine to get up steam, the man's impatience overflowed.

"Now, what do you think of this train?" he said to the other.

"It isn't making much progress," replied his friend.

"Progress; I should say not," said the impatient man. "It would be a fierce job to take a moving picture of this train."—*Denver Post*.



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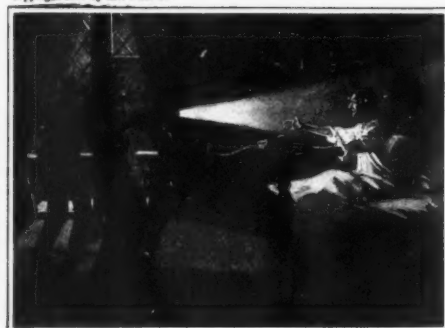
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### Wisdom of the Talmud

THE name Talmud, which means "instruction," is given by the Jews to a body of laws, regulations and teachings which are said to have been first put together by a learned rabbi, Jehuda ha-Nasi, in the third century after Christ, and which were subsequently augmented by other Jewish teachers. That part of it which is known as the "Mishna" (law) is exceedingly interesting because of its varied character, containing anecdotes, parables and bits of practical philosophy, many of which strikingly resemble some of the sayings of Christ, while others recall modern proverbs—which latter, very possibly, have taken their origin in the sayings of the Jewish sages. The brief extracts here translated consist, however, of wise maxims based upon the universal experience of mankind and animated by a spirit of high morality:

He who seeks a brother without a fault will have to remain without a brother.

When the ox falls down the butchers are many.

If your wife is small, bend down in order to listen to her advice.

That which a child says beyond the house it has learned within the house.

It is easy to lead a man on the way which he desires to go.

Discord is like a leak in a cistern. Drop by drop all the water gradually escapes.

Do not wait to show honor to the physician until you are taken sick.

Devotion with little prayer is better than much prayer without devotion.

If a man does not seek wisdom, wisdom will not seek him.

He who destroys the reputation of his fellow is a murderer.

The act of a foolish man can never be a precedent.

When two men grow angry, he who is first silent is the wiser of the two.

The passion of a man at first is like a cobweb; but in the end it becomes a cord that cannot be broken.

Do not cast a stone into the well from which you drink.

Do not restrict your children to what you know yourself, since they were born in another time than yours.

A friendless man is like the left hand without the right.

If you think your friend is honey do not consume him altogether.

Things that are new are the things that are best; but friends that are old are the friends that are best.

He who frowns in giving gives but little; he who smiles in giving gives abundantly.

He who watches his field daily finds at last a harvest there.

Incompetent servants ask for orders after a thing has happened.

The soldiers do the fighting and the kings are glorified as heroes.

God looks first into the heart of man and then into his mind.

—Scrap Book.

### Rooks Observe Sunday

ALL the animal world appears to know a Sunday from a week day. There is a tradition in Lancashire, and perhaps elsewhere, that the rooks always commence building on the first Sunday in March.

This has been frequently verified by observation, and the punctuality of the rooks might almost claim to exceed the limits of coincidence.—Country Life.

LITTLE WILLIE: Say, pa, what is a play with a moral?

PA: A play with a moral, my son, is usually a play that is shy of morality.—Chicago News.

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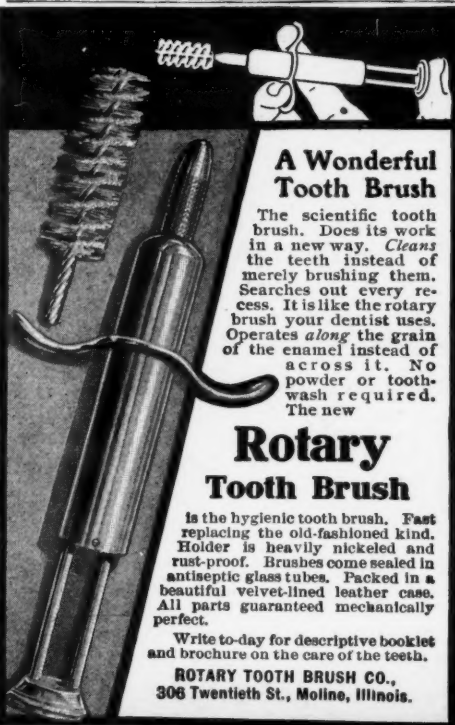


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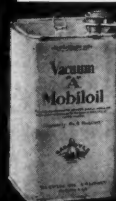
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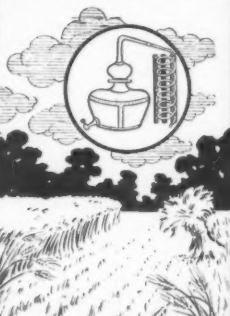
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## At the Factory Gate

A PATHETIC little sketch from life, given by Mr. James Greenwood, in his "Low Life Deeps," is particularly interesting just now, when the child-labor question is so prominent. One chilly, rainy day Mr. Greenwood stood by the door of a factory in England and watched the laborers go in. It was an establishment where high-grade work was done, and in it two hundred girls, from thirteen to sixteen years of age, were employed. It was pretended that no younger children were engaged, but many of the poor little mites could not have been more than nine or ten.

They were sharp-shouldered little things, shrunken and shrewd, with hungry eyes. It was noontime, and, therefore, a free hour. Three clean, tidy-haired little girls were looking out of the factory gate.

"Here comes father!" cried one.

"Father" was a slouching, lazy-looking man, with a short black pipe in his mouth. He had brought the children's dinner. It was not a bulky affair.

"Here, catch hold!" he called. "It's a pretty day for me to come lugging up here. Make haste and eat it up and cut away to your work."

I saw the small parcel unfolded. It contained three morsels of fried fish and three slices of bread. This being fairly divided, the three sisters retraced their steps toward the factory, eating as they went.

"Father" turned back, his great hands thrust deep into his pockets, and made haste to get home out of the disagreeable weather. He may have been unavoidably out of work, but my instinct is at fault if he was.

At the end of the noon hour two shivering little girls were late. I found them in great distress, locked out for half an hour, with the certainty of a fine. They stood, miserable and bonnetless, their dirty faces streaked with rain, and grew quite confidential with me.

Some one, for a "lark," had told them of a cook-shop where might be bought enormous pennyworths of pudding left cold from yesterday. The dinner with which they were provided consisted of a slice of bread and a ha'penny apiece. These last they had made into joint stock, and had run a mile and a half to get the pudding. No such shop was to be found and the children had returned hungry, disappointed and late.

## Every Little Helps

WHEN a stowaway is found on an ocean steamer he is immediately set to work to pay for his passage. One such was recently discovered in the hold of the Mediterranean liner *Cretic*, and was ordered to the galley, where the cook found plenty to keep him out of mischief.

A lady on a tour of inspection paused near the stowaway as he sat busily peeling potatoes. "How soon do you think we'll reach Naples?"

"Well, madam," he replied, cheerfully, "I'm doing all I can to get her in by Tuesday."—*Woman's Home Companion.*

WHEN Whistler started his class in Paris he inquired of each pupil with whom he had studied before. "With Julien," said one. "Couldn't have done better, sir," Whistler answered. "With Chase," replied another. "Couldn't have done better, sir," "With Mowbray," replied a third. "Couldn't have done better, sir," and so on. He approached a student slightly deaf, who stammered in reply: "I beg pardon?" "Couldn't have done better, sir," responded Whistler placidly, passing on to the next.—*Bellman.*

SENATOR PLATT says the rumor that he is to follow Spooner's example and resign is a "lie of the worst kind." Oh, surely not of the worst kind, Senator.—*Indianapolis Star.*

# Of Interest To Artists

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  7. For if she will, she will, you may depend on't; And if she won't, she won't; so there's an end on't.—Aaron Hill.
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  8. None but the brave deserves the fair.—Dryden.
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  9. But ne'er the rose without the thorn.—Herrick.
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  10. But there's nothing half so sweet in life As love's young dream.—Moore.
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  12. In the Spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love.—Tennyson.

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The illustrations may be made in any medium—line, wash, oils or color—although it should be borne in mind that they are to be reproduced in black-and-white; and they should also be of a size suitable for reduction to about thirteen inches wide by eight inches high.

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### Information While They Waited

THE president of the faculty of a medical college once addressed a graduating class with reference to the necessity of cultivating the quality of patience in their professional as well as in their domestic relations.

The professor said: "Gentlemen, you are about to plunge into 'the sphere of action.' No doubt you will, in some degree, follow the example of those who have preceded you. Among other things, you will doubtless marry. Let me entreat you to be kind to your wives. Be patient with them. Endeavor not to fret yourselves under petty domestic trials. If you are going to the theatre, do not permit yourself to become excited if your wife is not down-stairs in time. Have a treatise on your specialty always with you. Read it while you are waiting.

"And, I assure you, gentlemen," the professor concluded, with delicate irony, "you'll be astonished at the vast fund of information you'll accumulate in this way."—*Succ ess.*

### Where It Came From

DURING the course of a geography lesson recently, the teacher asked the following question: "Who can tell me what useful article we get from the whale?"

"Whalebone," promptly replied a boy.

"Right. Now, who knows what we get from the seal?"

"Sealing-wax!" shouted a little girl.—*Harper's Monthly.*



A CORDIAL SMILE

### The Squirrel and the Sap

THERE have been several gray squirrels about the premises of H. K. Morrell, in Gardiner, all winter, and the other day Mrs. Morrell was the witness of a curious act by one of them. He was in a maple tree, and gnawed off some of the bark on the upper side of a limb. When the sap had commenced to run and was gathering in drops on the lower side of the limb, the squirrel reached down and drank it. How he knew there was sap in the maple, and that it is time for it to run, does not appear, but it is evident that he did know both that the maple was the sap tree and that it was time for the sap.—*Kennebec Journal.*

### So?

I bear in mind that lynchings are mere brain-storm epidemics.—*Charleston News and Courier.*

THE police dogs of Ghent have proved so successful that the Paris police have purchased three of them to aid in clearing the Bois de Boulogne of its footpads and dangerous night prowlers. As \$240 had to be paid for them, trained police dogs cannot be said to be cheap. They are stationed at Neuilly and are giving every satisfaction. The riffraff of the Bois are much more afraid of them than of the police, and seldom try to get away from them. The canine force is soon to be increased.—*New York Tribune.*

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If you take his advice instead of insisting on the advertised brand

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You asked him for what you wanted—probably because advertising of one kind or another had convinced you.

The manufacturer who did that advertising did it at considerable expense to prove to you that his goods were worth trying.

If he didn't use every care to make them just as perfect as he knew how, he couldn't hope that they would convince you of their merit when you tried them. Yet he spent his money to reach you with his arguments, trusting to his goods to prove them.

Isn't it pretty certain, then, that they are good of their kind?

When he has created a general demand for his goods, in come the imitators, trading on his demand—the "just as good" and all the rest, with no carefully built up reputation to preserve, no expensively bought business to endanger, and probably little or no expense in making the product they hope to substitute for the advertised article.

YOUR SAFETY lies in the advertised brand—back of it is the makers' guaranty and the magazine's guaranty. The Dealer who offers you something "just as good" isn't good enough for you. Tell him his guaranty is not good enough and

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**ASK AGAIN FOR WHAT YOU WANT  
AND INSIST ON GETTING IT!!**

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When the pass has been abolished  
And the editor must pay;  
When every ink-pot in the land  
Is working overtime  
To prove all railway presidents  
Are steeped in fraud and crime.

I would not be a Railway Man  
In this exacting age,  
When the unions are demanding  
Less hours and higher wage;  
When every shipper on the line  
Would put behind the bars  
That luckless wight, the Railway Man,  
Because there are no cars.

I would not be a Railway Man  
In this disturbing time,  
When every hayseed statesman  
Attempts his neck to climb;  
With laws to cut down earnings,  
And laws to tax them more,  
With endless complications  
And persecutions sore.

I would not be a Railway Man  
At this destructive date,  
A target for the journals,  
A football for the State.  
I'd let them take the railways  
And run them as they'd like;  
I would not be a Railway Man,  
I'd quit my job and strike.

—The Bellman.

### The Study of Lobsters

ACCORDING to a writer in *Harper's Weekly*, the study of lobsters in France may not be pursued in the light-hearted way in which it is frequently undertaken, for example, in New York. Last year, it appears, a professor in one of the Paris universities resolved to study the habits of lobsters in his laboratory. As they live in salt water, the first care of the professor was, of course, to procure a supply of this medium. The common mortal will probably consider it a most simple task to provide a few barrels of sea water. This, however, is not so in France. Sea water contains salt, and the production of salt is a source of revenue. This made it necessary for the professor to first obtain the permission of the Minister of Finance before he could travel and transport the water. When his application reached the Ministry a subordinate official was directed to inquire into the standing of the petitioner. This involved considerable correspondence, which passed through numerous channels and finally reached the chief of the department, who now initiated another investigation in order to ascertain why a Parisian professor should be so anxious to lower the level of the Atlantic Ocean. After several weeks the inspector rendered a favorable report. Some days later the petitioner was notified of the favorable consideration of his request in the usual elaborate official language, accompanied by circulars giving extracts from the Penal Code relative to infringements of the salt monopoly. Finally, after months of waiting, the professor was enabled to have some casks filled with salt water, at a designated point on the seashore, of course under the supervision of another official, who duly issued a permit for the transportation of the liquid into the interior.

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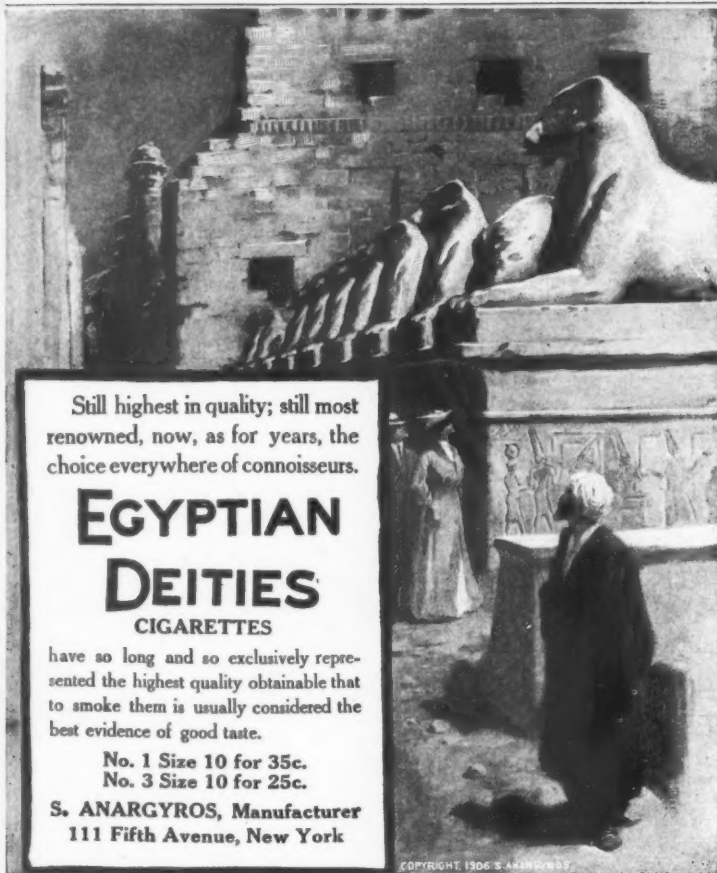
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